

MINING IN MONTANA.

IX.

THE TREASURES AROUND BUTTE CITY.
GENERAL SURVEY OF THE RICHEST REGION IN THE TERRITORY—A GREAT NUMBER OF LEADS OPENED—IMPORTANT COFFEE MINES—THE REDUCTION OF ORES.

(FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.)

There is nothing like youth. The sunshine streams upon the flowers. The blood rushes widely through the veins. The air is full of music, and voices of happy laughter are borne on every breeze. Here, a white-winged angel, shines in the rose heaven of the future. For age, the rustle of the dead leaves! For sorrow, the wall of the Amurian wind, the sad November twilight, and the lonesome plashing of the rain! What have age and sorrow to do with life? Let them thrust away in their drowsy gloom—white for youth, and beauty, and love and mirth, the silver bell rings, the red wine sparkles, and the earth is strewed with roses.

That is the burden of the comedy produced on Saturday night at Del's Theatre. It is a delicious piece of work, and it ought to meet with great public favor. It is a translation from Molieres—slightly changed by Mr. Benson Howard, from two originals of that master. It is a beautiful illustration of the province of comedy—for, while it constantly pleases by wit and vivacity, it delineates character; it paints manners, and, without one touch of proxy falsehood, it instills an excellent lesson of wisdom in the practical comedy of life. Paris, in the splendid art of Louis le Magnificent, forms the background of its pictures, and the action moves through quaint and stately architecture, luxuriant gardens, quaint salons, and bays of resplendent courtoisies and gay dances—the rich and dazzling world of young or the matinée is conducted through an audience, discourses of certain elegant old dames, who are strutting up and down to become their wives, and who come to give the ear out of various theories as to love, education, and the proper management of human nature.

The list of the plays was made by Miss Catherine Lewis, and it was a brilliant hit—clear, unequivocal and attractive. The essence of the character is the grand assumption of perfect artlessness to a ringlewelling, tantalizing personality, and the glibly-muscled, swarthy girls representing the young damsels and coyly-shunning the whiskers that lie near a woman with the perspicuous consciousness of great comeliness. Miss Catherine Lewis enjoyed and played all this perfectly well, using a delicate manner, sweet tones, a joyous vivacity, and a level, easygoing, without ever a touch of excess, and with a judicious provision of music, in the highest degree refreshing and agreeable.

The cast of the parts in full is as follows:

Amphitrite—Scarpia of Fontaine, also known as Monna Vanna, the siren, who has a special voice. Charles Fisher—Scaramouche, the guardian-priest with voice of thunder. The Vicomte de la Motte, his brother. George Martin—Cavaliere, a friend of the general. John Drew—Duke of Brion, the general. Mrs. John Drew—Mrs. Scaramouche. Harry Lucy—Cuckold of the King's Musketeers.

Del—The cunning wile who helped to win us in the robes of a spectre.

Adrienne—A girl who serves as a maid to Scaramouche.

Ancient Scaramouche's housekeeper.

Cambon, the Minister of Finance.

Countess de Noailles, the Queen.

Count